Hannibal and The Kissing Booth Dilemma

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Hannibal and The Kissing Booth Dilemma

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Prompt Fill for LLewcie's **"Hannibal/Will Kissing Booth for charity"** Hannibal Cre-Ate-ive prompt

Hannibal thinks it is amusing to manipulate Will and wants to see how far he can push him - with unexpected results.

Notes

Maybe AU as I have no idea where it fits (season 1?). It may or may not be complete crack. I'm not sorry.

Hannibal looked across the decorated dance hall at Will and couldn't even begin to hide his grin. If he could have told his past self how easy it would be to orchestrate this, he would not have believed it.

It was not that Will Graham was especially easy to manipulate, though Hannibal had quite a bit of practice. It was more that Hannibal really - astonishing even to himself - had found almost all of Will's buttons. And he loved to experiment with pressing them as often as possible.

This little venture had almost started as a dare to himself. It was three months ago that he had seen the flyer in a Quantico canteen - someone was hosting a Halloween FUNdraising evening for a local animal shelter. It was only the emphasis on the *fun* in fundraising that made Hannibal sure it wasn't Will that was setting the whole thing up. That would not have been his style, Hannibal was sure. But he was also sure that this was an opportunity for him to push some Will Graham buttons. He pocketed the flyer.

It had taken three sessions of hinting and then a lengthy discussion during another session, to lay the seed in Will's head that it would be good for him to have out of work interests. He liked animals, why didn't he consider volunteering? No, not really the time for that with his work load. But wait! Wasn't there an upcoming fundraising evening? Perhaps he could get involved with that instead - a short term but worthwhile commitment.

Another two sessions and Will had made contact and arranged to meet with Agent West, who was one of the organisers of the fundraiser and had left the flyers in the canteen. He had agreed to help out at the evening - which was to have a old-time fair theme - but wasn't sure what he could do. He was given a list of remaining duties to consider and get back to West in due course.

Hannibal couldn't believe how easy the whole thing had been.

"I am pleased Will, I think that this is something you would benefit from greatly. And the animals will also of course." He'd added with a quiet chuckle, which Will humoured with a small smile at the little joke.

"Yeah…" Will was hesitant. "But I have no idea what to do… Maybe this was a mistake. I'm not the most social of people…"

"Nonsense. Social interaction will do you good. It is good for you to push yourself into these things. In fact, the greater the contact, the better. Think of it as fulfilling your quota on human contact for the year." He could see Will coming around to the idea a little. "Tell me, what are the options you said they gave you?"

Will reeled off the short list - from the mundane selling of toffee apples, to the more hands on manning of the apple bobbing station. Hannibal waited and then… there it was -

"What was that one, go back Will."

Will looked down at the paper. “Cake stall?”

“No, the one before…” He watched, delighted, as a blush creept up from Will’s neck.

“Kissing booth… I don’t think-”

“It would be perfect Will! We want you to have a distraction, an outlet *and* be more social. I believe this would be the perfect option.”

Of course, Hannibal knew this because it was his design. It was exactly what he had had in mind, what he had hoped, when he had contacted Agent West after finding the flyer - to offer his assistance in organising the event. He had suggested the theme, had helped brainstorm the activities with which they could fill the large hall they were renting. He had even encouraged them to accept Will’s offer of help once it had been offered. In short, he had spent no small amount of time involved with the cause - all in order to see quite how far he was able to push Will Graham.

And now, he stood at the door of the hall, and Will Graham was looking something between uncomfortable and bored as he stood in the little structure - reminiscent of a Peanuts cartoon. The sign above him read “kissing booth” and was decorated with one set of over-sized lips.

Will was looking particularly fetching in a dress shirt and tie. The tie was a little casual, but Hannibal would allow it. He had spent at least two and a half sessions convincing Will that his image would have an impact - the better he looked the more money he would raise for those poor, adorable, unfortunate animals at the shelter.

Hannibal was pleased to see, as the evening continued, that Will’s booth was reasonably popular- at least on a par with the *guess the weight of the cake* stall. But he was biding his time. To rush straight over would have seemed inappropriate. He would wait until a little further into the evening.

In fact, he waited until the night started to wind down. The band had finished playing, patrons were slowly ebbing out, just a few still at some of the fairground style games - fishing out little ducks for prizes and the like.

Will was counting up his cash, looking pretty pleased with himself. At $5 a kiss he was likely to have made a small fortune for the shelter. Hannibal found himself strangely full of pride in Will - he did love animals so and he had done such a good thing for them. Stepping way outside his comfort zone to raise the money.

Hannibal caught the thought and tried to reel it back - was he really having *feelings* over this situation? How ridiculous. There was only one agenda here that mattered - Hannibal’s. He had started on this to see how far he could push Will, would the man go as far as to run a kissing booth, perhaps kiss colleagues, maybe even kiss Hannibal? What a hoot! He’d had no idea how easy it would be to manipulate Will into such a ridiculous position, and now only one last push remained. Would Will really kiss him? If he would this whole exercise would have been a resounding success. If he could get Will to kiss him, what else could he get him to do? How far could he manipulate the man?!

Hannibal caught himself before he started rubbing his hands together in glee - placing them behind his back instead and forcing his stroll over to Will to seem relaxed.

“Much success Will?” A casual but friendly curiosity.

Will practically beamed a grin at him when he looked up. “Doctor, I think you were right, this was just what I needed. And here…” He flashed a box of $5 dollar bills. “$375! Can you believe it? I think I need some salve for my lips.” Will chuckled.

What was that twinge Hannibal suddenly felt? A bite in his gut… $375 - that would make, he calculated quickly in his head, 75 kisses. Will had been kissed 75 times. Sure, he had seen as he glanced over now and then, those kisses were little more than pecks. Some, from the elderly old dears that had been shipped in as Friends of the shelter, had been pecks on the cheeks. Cheeks that now held a red blush of exhilaration. The bite in Hannibal’s gut twisted.

“Shame, I had hoped to make it up to a round $400.” Will laughed as he placed the box away. “But it looks like people are heading off, can’t imagine I’ll be able to drum up much business now.” another low and musical chuckle.

Musical? What was that about? True Will Graham was an attractive man. Even more so when he put a little effort into his appearance as he had this evening… at Hannibal’s prompting. And sure, his lips, now plumped and full and red from their evening activities, that Hannibal had encouraged, seemed appealing for reasons other than to test his limits.

His who? Will’s limits? Hannibal’s limits? Hannibal found himself running his tongue out over his bottom lip, his mouth a little dry.

“Are you ok Doctor Lecter?” Will asked, looking at him with concern.

Was he ok? He cleared his throat. “Of course… I was, uh…” Why was he hesitating? Why was he suddenly so nervous? He cleared his throat again. “Did you… um… Will, I was wondering… I could, if you like...if you’re willing of course…”

Willing? Wasn’t the whole point of this seeing if he could push Will into something without having to question if he was willing?

He clears his throat yet again. Suddenly feels very, very aware of the look Will Graham is giving him. Where it had been concern it was now amusement. Was he laughing at him? Really? REALLY? Was he being laughed at by Will Graham?

“Doctor Lecter, don’t be shy… did you want a kiss?” He was grinning but there was a little of that blush. But more so there was a sense of something… If nothing else, the evening had brought Will out of himself, had even made him more confident. This was… unexpected. He had thought the evening might crush Will a little - knowing that, once committed to the cause - Will would carry on regardless. He would tolerate every little indignity of his task and Hannibal would enjoy further undoing him.

“I… Well, I could…” Hannibal fumbled with words. Not something that happened to him often, if ever. He distracted himself by pulling out his billfold and counting out $125. “I

could make it up to a round $500." He forced out the words with no stammer but no charm either, his voice broke - a betrayal of something. Of that twisting in his gut. Of the look on Will's face. Of all these reminders of his bitter failure in achieving what he set out to do. To push Will Graham to breaking, just to see if he could.

Will was beaming at him now though. "Doctor Lec-... Hannibal, that would be… That's so generous." No discomfort there, not even bashfulness, Hannibal lamented.

And then he found himself saying -

"Well, it is for a very good cause. The animals have greater need than I-"

He was cut off by Will leaning out of the booth and grabbing his tie. Using it to pull Hannibal face first towards him. The tugging ceasing when their lips connected - and Hannibal froze. This was no peck. Will's lips moved against his, gentle and soft. Hannibal thought to perhaps protest, opened his mouth a little as though he might say something. Even if he knew what he might say the words would have been swallowed as Will took this as an invitation to run his tongue into Hannibal's mouth.

Hannibal wasn't sure when he had stopped breathing. Was less sure of when his body had become pressed against the booth and Will's arms had moved around him - one as bold as to run up into Hannibal's neatly coiffed hair.

What Hannibal was sure of was that Will Graham, delicious and complicated Will Graham, was not at all predictable. A realisation that, with all his knowledge and intuition he would never entirely predict Will Graham. He could feed the caterpillar, whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches follows its own nature and is beyond him.

Of course, at the time the realisation had been a little less poetically phrased in his mind because a vast amount of blood that usually fed Hannibal's tremendous brain, had been redirected to his quickly stiffening cock.

When Will broke the kiss, pushing off Hannibal slightly, he grinned. They stood separated only by a cardboard booth, of which Hannibal was currently very grateful given the obvious tent in his beautifully tailored pants.

"Hannibal…" Will purred his name, hands now on Hannibal's lapels. "I really want to thank you for getting me involved in tonight, it has been so good for me. I feel so much more self-assured, less troubled. In control." The grin proved each of those things.

"I'm glad Will…" Hannibal managed, his voice squeaking out.

"Well…" Will stepped back, plucked the bills from Hannibal's hand and popped them in the box. "I guess I'm done for the night. I just have to give the funds to West…" Will went to walk off but turned to Hannibal with a devastatingly confident smile that took the twist from Hannibal's gut straight into his balls.

"And then, I think you can drive me home and I can show you properly how much you I appreciate all the advice and guidance you've given me." Will's tongue ran out over his lips

and returned to his mouth, drawing his bottom lip in with it - clutched now in his teeth.

Hannibal's cock twitched and he found himself nodding and saying. "Of course, Will… anything you say…"

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